

THE GIRL IN THE ADIRONDACK CHAISE

red shorts on her belly bare feet,

double-pale. My impulse:
kneel beside and pat her ass.

“How're you doin'?”
Easy enough for Maharajah
King or CEO, even some of their
sucking counselors at play,

but not me, supposed equal in this brutal country.
Yet another way of rendering men impotent here.

How about HER rights?
Of course! A pat most gentle and loving?
Compliment inspired by the art of a Child of Summer!

Not invited? What a flat, dusty life it'd be
if one had to invite everything.

But why defend ever lovely impulse?

All right, then, okay to HAVE impulses, but
not to ACT upon them?

Fuckin Republican Dark Ages! Heaven must be
the place you get these horrible years handed back.